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VOLUME IX.

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NUMBER 43.

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MARKS.

"McKillop's made his mark," declare Republicans with vim; Whereas 'twas Mark who placed him there And kept him in the swim. And now 'tis Bryan, others swear, Who'll make a mark of him.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

HOW ASHBY DIED.

A Writer in the "Confederate Veteran" Tells How Cupid Brought the News.

The glory of a June noontide was over the land. The little town of Harrisonburg, in the heart of the Shenandoah Valley, lay bathed in sunshine. Great branches of the beautiful trees shaded the sidewalks and in part the horsemen in the streets. Citizens seemed to be urged by some unseen danger. Several groups of soldiers rode rapidly forward and dismounted at a large white house that stood at the end of a long street, where much merry noise and chatter were soon heard, mingled with the clatter of dishes as the soldiers were quickly served with all the rations a Southern housekeeper could command at such short notice and the havoc that contending armies had left.

The Federal army was advancing, while Jackson had been ordered to join Lee over the mountain and that stern soldier had already advanced several miles, with Ashby's cavalry protecting his rear and making frequent cautions in his advance.

Tom, Temple, Campbell, Col. Ball and Capt. Grimsley had stopped to say good-bye at the "white house."

The venerable "Uncle Douglas" and his wife were well-known Unionists, but also well-known as friends of soldiers of both armies, and especially to Maryland and Virginia boys.

The soldiers did not take time to unbuckle sabers or pistols, but talked to the pretty cousins and sweethearts with watchful eyes upon their horses, which were impatiently pawing, as if they knew it was time to join the company rapidly passing.

As Uncle Douglas stood in the porch a noble-looking officer upon a large white horse stopped a moment and said: "How do you do to-day, Col. Gray? Will you tell the young men that the enemy is advancing, and to rejoin their command at once?"

His voice was as gentle as a woman's, but as clear as a silver bell. Col. Gray answered, "Certainly, Gen. Ashby!" and, turning, repeated the order to a young girl on the porch who was saying a few last words to three or four young cavaliers gathered around her, and the order was instantly obeyed.

The handsome young captain bent to whisper one parting word, the gay high private held one instant the little hand that trembled in his, there was a spirited summons from the luncheon table, packages were hastily thrust into haversacks, sabers clanked and the group mounted quickly.

Ashby paused to accept the glass of rich milk Nellie brought to him. As he returned the glass to her, she standing near to say a farewell word to the chieftain for all loved—the Chevalier, "without fear and without reproach"—he bent till the long ostrich plume touched his saddle bow and said, so softly, that only she and the young captain who stood near her could hear: "I suspect that fellow of trying to get through the lines to obtain information a little more frequently than is necessary; and if the Yankees catch my best scout, I shall know who to blame." Nellie blushed deeply, and Capt. Hilary laughed gaily as, once more pressing the girl's little hand, he mounted his gallant steed and sat ready to ride with his chieftain.

Ashby was an idol with his men, and he looked every inch the gentleman and soldier that he was. He sat his horse if he were a part of it. His broad hat shaded a noble white forehead, his dark eyes glowed with untamable spirit and the long black beard that fell down to his breast gave added dignity to his appearance. Brave as a lion and gentle as a woman, he was reckless in battle, but as courteous and magnanimous to prisoners as was the Black Prince of an older time. His men would have gone through fire guided by the flash of his saber.

When about starting he turned in his saddle and looked along the long broad street and said quietly: "Look! there is the head of the enemy's column. Ride at a quick trot, four abreast. We are leading to an ambush, they suspect, and will not follow too closely. As soon as over the hill, gallop to the command."

On the green hill above the town a picket sat his horse, the whole figure like a statue of perfect mold outlined against the blue sky. Slowly it now moved, gradually fading behind the hill, and with a great clatter—the Bucktails, a fine Pennsylvania regiment that had chosen as their emblem the buck tail, and with it decorated their hats—thundered down the street.

Already accustomed to the quick changes of the panorama of war, the gay young girls felt no terror for their soldier friends and their gallant

leader. They watched with keen interest from behind the curtains as the fine-looking Bucktails dashed by, laughing secretly, for they fancied an ambush in the green meadow beyond, where their friends, the boys in gray, would win a victory.

Soon the cattle of musketry was heard; then riderless horses dashed back and limping stragglers in blue went slowly by to the improvised hospital in the deserted schoolhouse.

Some stopped at the white house door and were refreshed with butter-milk by Col. Gray as he anxiously asked news of the fight. A party of surgeons and hospital attendants requested refreshments and he courteously asked them to stay for supper.

"Grandma," assisted by her servants, ministered to them, but the girls would not see them. They told of the fight; how they had tried to advance, but had been obliged to retire; that Col. Percy Wyndham was captured after gallant fighting and that the leader of the Rebel cavalry had been killed.

This language was used: "More men could not resist them. We can stand as much as most men, but demons were too much for us. We had to back down this time anyhow."

Col. Gray listened with grave attention. Although an earnest Union man, Gen. Ashby was his friend and he said: "The report of Ashby's death follows every skirmish." Maj. Rankin replied courteously: "I fear you will find it true this time, Col. Gray, for at every house we passed this afternoon we heard weeping."

When the Federal officers had gone the girls rushed in to ask what stories "the horrid old Yankees had told." When the sad news was announced they refused to believe it; they would not admit that their hero Ashby was killed, but they could only wait in their anxiety. "Cupid would soon come," and they would "know all." Cupid, a tall negro man, was the body guard of Capt. Hilary and his brother. He had cared for them since their babyhood. He had taught them to ride, hunt and swim and when Charles entered the army as captain Cupid went too, as his cook.

Night came, but they could not sleep. Piling pillows upon the floor they gathered around "Grandma," who tried to soothe the frightened girls, while "Uncle Douglas" prayed that these awful times might soon cease and his beloved country once more be at peace. They sat in darkness, lest they arouse the suspicions of the Yankee sentinel, whose tread could be heard as he paced to and fro on the street below.

A tap at the back door was answered by Uncle Douglas, and in a moment Capt. Hilary held his sister in his arms. "Thank God!" she whispered. "No boy! Is Temple safe? Is Cupid with you?"

"Yes, yes, dear; we are all right, but nearly starved."

The girls gathered eagerly around their daring visitor, while Cupid, stationed near the door to guard against surprises, was at once supplied with pie, cheese and biscuit—"Valley fare."

The young people spoke in whispers. As the tall candle flickered it cast strange shadows; and as one ray fell upon the blackened face of the young captain the girls laughed hysterically. Nellie whispered: "O Charlie, that is so dangerous! You might be caught and they would call you a spy."

"O, no fear! We are two runaway slaves. Don't look so scared, little girl. You ought to hear Cupid boss the Yankees. They always let him pass with any 'brudder' he may have along. But we must be gone in an hour," continued Captain Hilary as he ate the lunch brought from some hidden recess.

"Charles," said Nellie, "you must tell us something. You are not like yourself. Gay words don't deceive us. Something is wrong. Is it—it isn't—Ashby?"

"I thought I could tell Uncle Douglas first," he answered "and let him tell you all afterwards. It wasn't very brave in me, was it?"

Then, with a voice that all his soldier's pride could hardly steady, he told them of the gallant death of their paladin. "You must listen quietly and be very brave," he said; "walls have ears." If you cry out they will suspect you; and even if we escape they will burn your house if they think you have harbored us. They are rather sore over this evening's fight anyhow. Ashby was killed while leading a wavering regiment to victory. We did not dare at first to let the men know the leader they thought invincible was dead, so we covered his face at once. But they need not have been afraid. When the men found it out, each man fought like ten. Right well we avenged his death, but a thousand lives could not be worth to us as much as his—no, no one can fill his place in the hearts of his men or of our cause. After the fight was over we had his picture taken as he lay there—beautiful as if carved in marble, only there was a dark spot above the heart.

SOMETHING OF AN ORATOR HIMSELF.

(Norfolk Landmark.)

Mr. Webster Davis, the former Assistant Secretary of the Interior who resigned that office to stump the country in favor of the Boers, deserves to be credited with independence of thought and courage of action. A great deal of alleged fun has been made of his earnest pleas for the South African farmers who have been and are still making so valiant a fight against terrific odds, but this is the fate of all sincere men of one idea.

The Democratic National Convention at Kansas City adopted a strong plank in sympathy with the brave burghers and wished them well. When the Democrats took this action, Mr. Davis stepped upon the platform and made a speech which shows that Mr. Bryan is not the only orator on earth. The speaker had his audience with him, he was passionately enthusiastic over his theme, and he made the best of the situation. The speech was not long; and as an example of forensic eloquence of the "spell-binding" order it is well worth reproducing:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Convention—I appreciate very highly the honor conferred on me in inviting me to say a few words at this time, and I shall detain you but a few moments. I have been honored by another great party than this in the past. I have served that party and have rendered services for all that I received, and the account is balanced now. (Great applause and cheers.)

Life, human life, is but a narrow one between two great unknown eternities, and life is too short for a man to sacrifice principles for money or for public office. (Enthusiastic applause and cheers.)

I have never yet heard a platform that was so intensely American as that read here in this convention. (Continued applause and cheering.)

Old conditions have passed away, old questions have passed and gone—many of them—and new questions are now before the American people. I care not a snap of my finger for party or private criticism. I care nothing for office, because I gave up one voluntarily, better than any you can give me. (Great applause and cheers.)

I was forced to leave the Administration against my will absolutely and maliciously falsified. I love liberty, I love equality of rights and I love justice, and when the party that I belonged to was too cowardly to take a stand for liberty and against British aristocracy and monarchy, I left it and left it for good. (Wild and enthusiastic applause and cheers.)

"In every part of Europe and Africa the charge is made by the British press and the British officials that there is a secret alliance between this country and Great Britain, to the effect that in case of any foreign nation attempting to intervene in behalf of the poor Boers the great Republic will stand by Great Britain with its army and navy. (Cries of "No! No!")

I have yet to hear the Administration deny the report. In every address I have made since my unfortunate visit to the Transvaal, I have defended the Administration, but I say now that I will never defend it again, because it has not taken the chance at its National Convention to tell the American people that we are for liberty and republican forms of government. (Great applause.)

Liberty we all love, the splendid word, the sweetest word that ever blossomed and came upon human ears, and as one of the great Republican Senators in the United States Senate said: 'It has come to pass that we must whisper the word liberty in Washington.'

"Is it a fact that liberty is to become obsolete in the American lexicon? Is it a fact that this great Republic must chain itself to the chariot wheels of the British Empire in its mad race for land and gold?"

"I sympathize with people struggling for liberty everywhere. I sympathized with them as they struggled for liberty in Armenia, I sympathized with them as they struggled for liberty in Greece and when the war broke out with Spain we said then that it was a war not for conquest, not for territory, but for carrying liberty to a people who were crying for help at our feet. (Loud applause.)

And the boys marched up from the Northland whose fathers once marched in tattered blue with the song their fathers loved, 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.' And the boys came from the Southland whose fathers once marched in ragged gray to the music of 'Way Down South in Dixie.' (Applause.) They followed the men who at once led the Northern and Southern armies down to Cuba and into other lands and islands of the sea. They marched under one flag in behalf of one country to the music of one splendid melody as they felt in their hearts the music that had inspired the men in the days gone by.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea, As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free."

(Tremendous and prolonged demonstration.)

"Up until that point the war was

right, but when we passed beyond that point the Administration went too far, but it was another indication of following the footsteps of Great Britain that when our flag rose over the flag of the rotten Spanish monarchy the American Republic could not resist the temptation to follow in the footsteps of Great Britain. It thirsted for land and for gold, and that is where the mistake was made. We should have stopped at the end of the Spanish victory, when we brought liberty to the people who were being ground to death under the heel of Spain's tyranny.

"We do love liberty. The masses of the American people stand for the blessed idea of liberty, and I dare say to-day, if it were possible to get the news over the British army to the Boer farmers in the two South African republics that these representatives of six or seven million American votes send a word of sympathy to them, many a Boer would shout for joy on the hills of the Transvaal. Greater struggle for liberty was never made in the world's history than the struggle being made by the Republicans and Democrats in South Africa. Let us sympathize with them. I am glad that you have taken this action to-day and at the polls in November follow it up. Let American principles ever live. Let them go on down for ages to come to generations not yet born.

"Liberty, love of country, one flag, one country, one splendid destiny—all one. I stand on